bought for gold, be merry wench, the Malt-man comes on monday.

Doll. You might haue left me at Cobham, vntill you had bin better prouided for.

Pri. No sweet Doll, no, I like not that, yon olde ruffian is not for the Priest: I do not like a new Cleark should come in the old bel-fry.

Doll. Thou art a mad priest ifaith.

Pri. Come Doll, Ile see thee safe at some ale-house heere at Cray, and the next sheepe that comes shall leaue behind his fleece. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Suffolke, and Butler.

King in great hast. My Lord of Suffolk, post away for life,
And let our forces of such horse and foote,
As can be gathered vp by any meanes.
Make speedy randeuow in Tuttle fields,
It must be done this euening my Lord,
This night the Rebels meane to draw to head
Neere Islington, which if your speed preuent not,
If once they should vnite their seuerall forces,
Their power is almost thought inuincible,
Away my Lord, I will be with you soone.

Suf. I go my Soueraigne with all happy speed. *exit.*

Kin. Make hast my Lord of Suffolke, as you loue vs.
Butler, post you to London with all speede:
Command the Maior and Sheriffes on their allegeance,
The Citty gates be presently shut vp,
And guarded with a strong sufficient watch,
And not a man be suffered to passe,
Without a speciall warrant from our selfe.
Command the Posterne by the Tower be kept,
And proclamation on the paine of death,
That not a Citizen stirre from his doores,
Except such as the Maior and Shrieues shall choose
For their owne guard, and safety of their persons:
Butler away, haue care vnto my charge.

Butl.

But. I go my Soueraigne.

Kin. Butler.

But. My Lord.

Kin. Go downe by Greenwich, and command a b
At the Friars bridge attend my comming downe.

But. I will my Lord. *Exit*

King. It's time I thinke to looke vnto Rebellion,
When Acton doth expect vnto his aide,
No lesse then fifty thousand Londoners.
Well, Ile to Westminster in this disguise,
To heare what newes is stirring in these brawles.

Enter Priest.

Pri. Stand true-man, sayes a Theefe.

Kin. Stand theefe sayes a true-man: how if a the

Pri. Stand theefe too.

Kin. Then theefe or true-man, I must stand I see
euer the world wags, the trade of theeuing yet wi
downe. What art thou?

Pri. A good fellow.

Kin. So am I too, I see thou dost know mee.

Pri. If thou be a good fellow, play the good fell
part, deliuer thy purse without more ado.

Kin. I haue no money.

Pri. I must make you finde some before wee par
haue no mony you shall haue ware, as many sound
as your skin can carry.

King. Is that the plaine truth?

Pri. Sirra, no more ado; come, come, giue me th
you haue. Dispatch, I cannot stand all day.

Kin. Well, if thou wilt needs haue it, there it is
Prouerbe, one theefe robs another. Where the diu
my old theeues? Falstaffe that villaine is so fat, he
get on's horse, but me thinkes Poines and Peto sh
stirring hereabouts.

Pri. How much is there on't of thy word?

Kin, A hundred pound in Angels, on my word.